

DCS

magazine

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE DE LOREAN CAR SHOW

SPRING 2009 | VOLUME FOUR | NUMBER TWO

Driving to Vegas!

- *Never Before Seen DMC Documents Unearthed!*
- *DeLorean Recreational Vehicle!*
- *Running Naked, Chapter 5!*



DOOR SEAL KIT

Kit Contents:

- 1) 106967 Seal, Door/Roof LH
- 1) 106968 Seal, Door/Roof RH
- 2) 110044 Seal, Inner Door
- 2) 111126 Seal Strip Front
- 2) 111128 Seal Strip Rear
- 2) 110720 Door Sill Seal

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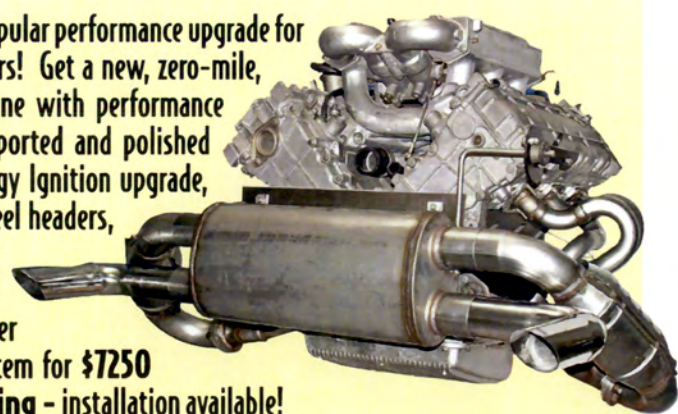
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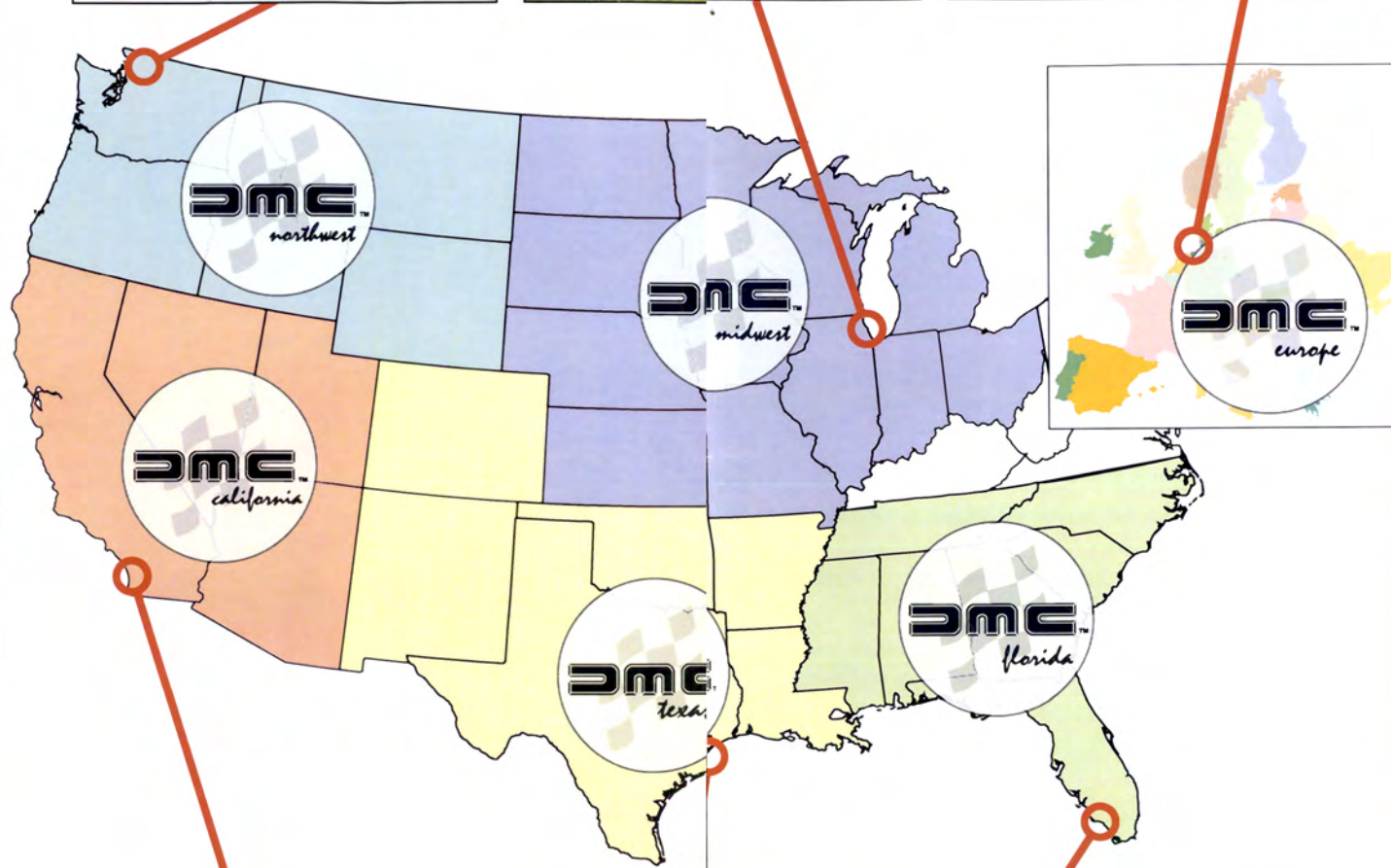
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Lockset - Late one-key style, pair with 2 keys rekeyed to your ignition key.
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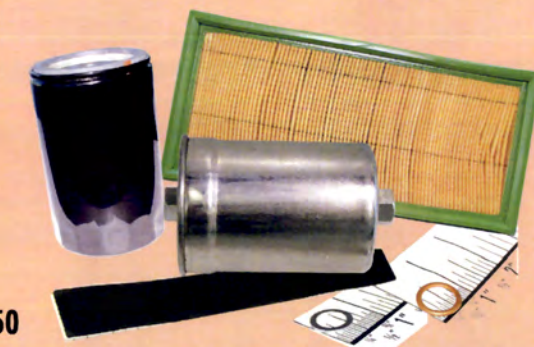


FILTER KIT

Kit Contents:

- 1) 100523 Fuel Filter
- 1) 102575 Air Filter
- 1) 102114B Oil Filter
- 1) 102101 Seal Washer

K102575 - Filter Kit - \$24.50



STRUT KIT

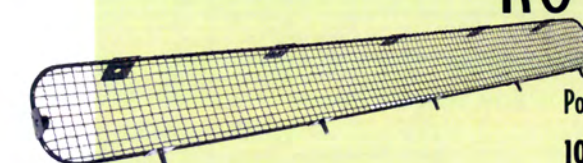
Kit Contents:

- 2) 100592 Door Strut
- 2) 105063 Luggage Comp. Strut
- 2) 108209 Louvre Strut

K111592 - Strut Kit - \$137.95



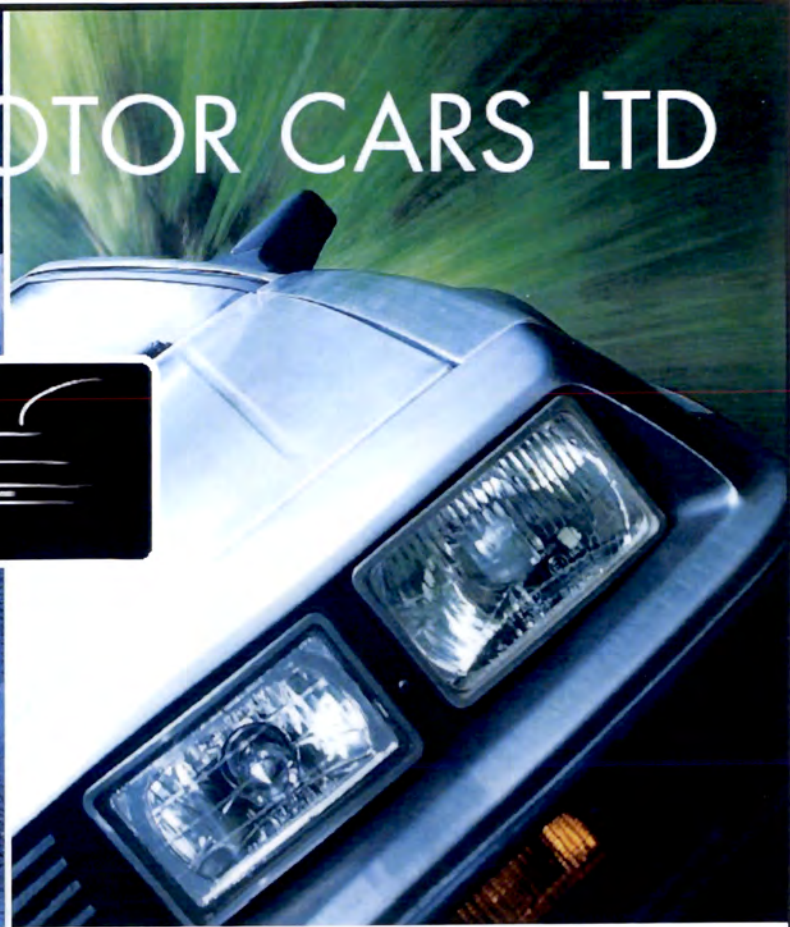
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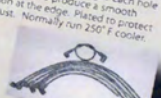
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Vision

Are you ready for summer? I am.

This has been a rough winter for many of us with the economy being down, unemployment up and the winter being a bit colder and longer than most of us wish.

Spring is the time where we all come out and begin to pick up the pieces and get our cars back on the road. The one thing we all enjoy are the shows and get togethers that usually take place in the warmer months.

Despite all of this, if the St Patricks Day attendance is any indication, then it will mean 2009 could be a banner year for DeLorean Events. Record number of DeLoreans turned out in many cities like Cincinnati, Houston, San Diego, Phoenix and other cities across the country. This enthusiasm is great and it is leading up to the Vegas show.

Since the room rates have been reduced and gas prices are down we are looking forward to a great show in Vegas and as of now we are holding on to our original predictions for attendance. Word at the parades is that most people plan to go to the shows. This year will be an interesting one for many of us but I am sure we will all come through for Vegas and Lexington.

We look forward to seeing you!

KEN KONGELLK

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Website: www.bonnphoto.de

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H.H. Chandler
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**H.H. Chandler and John DeLorean on
New Years Eve, 1998**

H.H. Chandler

H.H. Chandler was born in Herndon Virginia and at eighteen years old, with his parents long since divorced, Chandler asked his father permission to live with his mother in Greenville North Carolina. Shortly after arriving, Chandler purchased a motorcycle and drove to New York City to become an actor. Some (hard) years later, H.H. Chandler became successful as an actor with starring roles in off-Broadway shows, as well as playing lead characters for more than seven years on daytime television dramas; Detective Sam Fountain - The Edge of Night, ABC. Doctor Rico Bellini - The Doctors, NBC. Ben Harper - Love of Life, CBS. Max Decker - Texas, NBC. Blue Nobles - Another Life, CBN. Voice-overs for radio commercials were also a mainstay in his career.

Married, with three children, Chandler sought a different direction in his life and began a new career in the world of finance. After a few years of working for some major financial institutions he struck out on his own as a financial advisor where he soon met and befriended John Z. DeLorean.

See our excerpt from "Running Naked", HH Chandler's account of his time with JZD in THIS ISSUE! (page 13) and if you like it, help support the DeLorean Car Show by buying your copy of the book through our online store.

<http://tinyurl.com/d3k74z>

IMMINENT RISK

H.H. CHANDLER

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RUNNING NAKED



The Author of "Running Naked".

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Lighted Keys!

Long unavailable, the illuminated DeLorean key is one of those "neat to have" items for your car.

Originally, only the first 3700 or so cars came with these illuminated keys, and they worked in the door locks only. The cars had a separate, different key for the ignition, locking gas cap and cubby box.

These reproductions are molded with using an ignition key blank, so they can be used in any DeLorean ignition or later style door lock. See the "Frequently Asked Questions" below for more details.

How much?

Each illuminated key blank is \$29.25, or two for \$52.65. PayPal, and major credit cards and checks through Paypal, are the accepted forms of payment. Keys are shipped by USPS Priority Mail to US addresses, and airmail to all other countries.

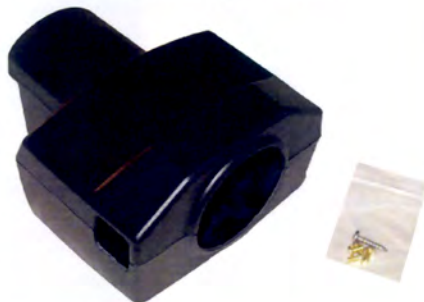
What comes with it?

Each key is fitted with an incandescent bulb, and a Duracell PX625 button battery. The key comes delivered in a special silver drawstring pouch with a sheet of instructions and will be shipped in a padded envelope.

More Information at www.deloreankeys.com

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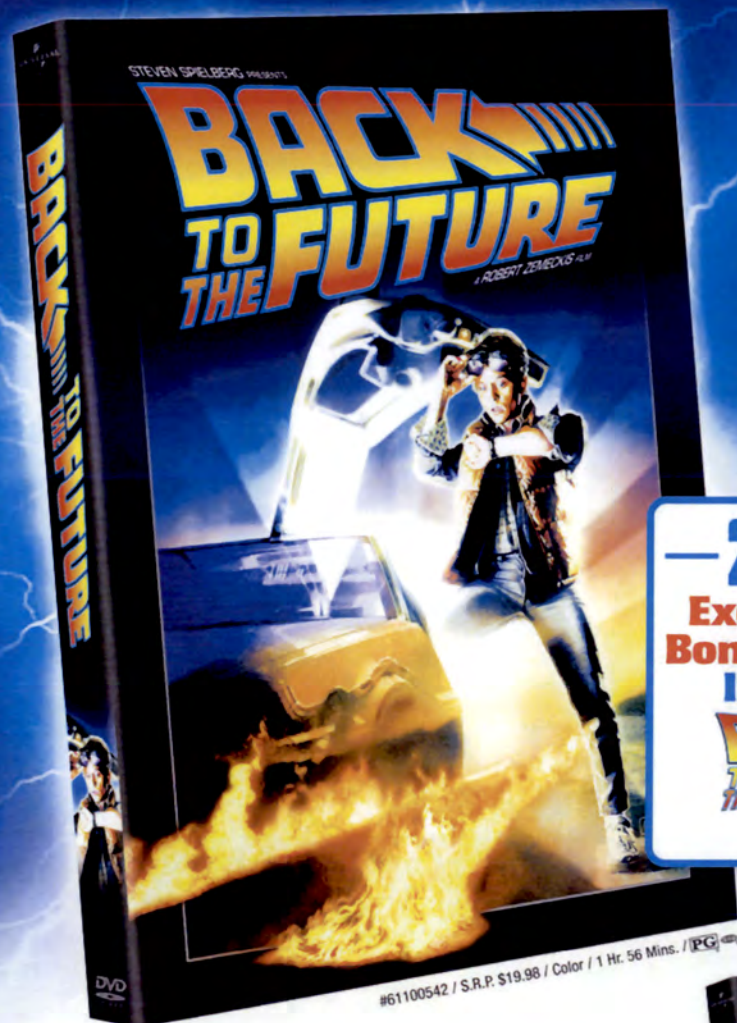
Answers for our last issue's puzzle:

Seamus/The first name of the first McFly to come to America. • **Lambda**/The light that comes on, on the DeLorean dashboard in 30,000 mile intervals. • **Nick Sutton**/The DMC Acquisitions Manager that attended DCS 08 in Gettysburg. • **Gran Turismo** Omologate/What GTD stands for. • **1988**/The overall width of the DeLorean in millimeters (including the side mirrors). • **Bausch and Lomb**/The name of the company that was going to make DeLorean brand sunglasses. • **Elijah Wood**/Famous Actor who played a child on BTTF2 in the "cafe 80's" scene. • **Zachary**/JZO's son's first name. • **Mercedes 300 SL**/Another gullwing doored car. • **280 Park Avenue**/The street address of DMC's corporate headquarters.

New puzzle coming next issue! If you have a clue that you would like to suggest, you can e-mail it to: jhaldeman@fuse.net

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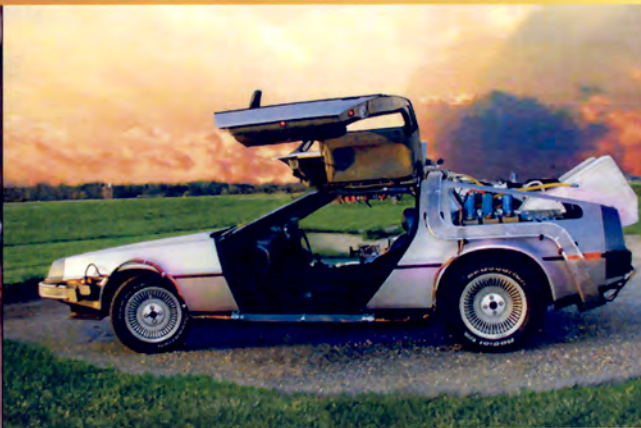
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DELOREAN TIME MACHINE TRAVELS TO THE FUTURE TO CURE PARKINSON'S DISEASE.

MYRTLE BEACH, SC- Oliver and Terry Holler of Myrtle Beach, South Carolina built a replica of the DeLorean time machine made famous in the "Back To The Future" movies.

Since then, the couple has discovered a way to blend their interests for a cause. "To The Future: A Drive To Cure Parkinson's," is a mission that the Hollers have created, with the goal of traveling through all 50 states in their Time Machine to raise awareness and \$1 Million dollars for the Michael J. Fox Foundation for Parkinson's Research (MJFF).

"We developed the idea for this mission," says Oliver, "through my absolute enjoyment of driving the DeLorean, our love for the 'Back To The Future' films and our admiration for it's star, Michael J. Fox. Mr. Fox's personal challenges in dealing with the disease inspired us to join Team Fox and further the Foundation's work. MJFF is funding cutting-edge research to bring meaningful advances in treatments and ultimately a cure."

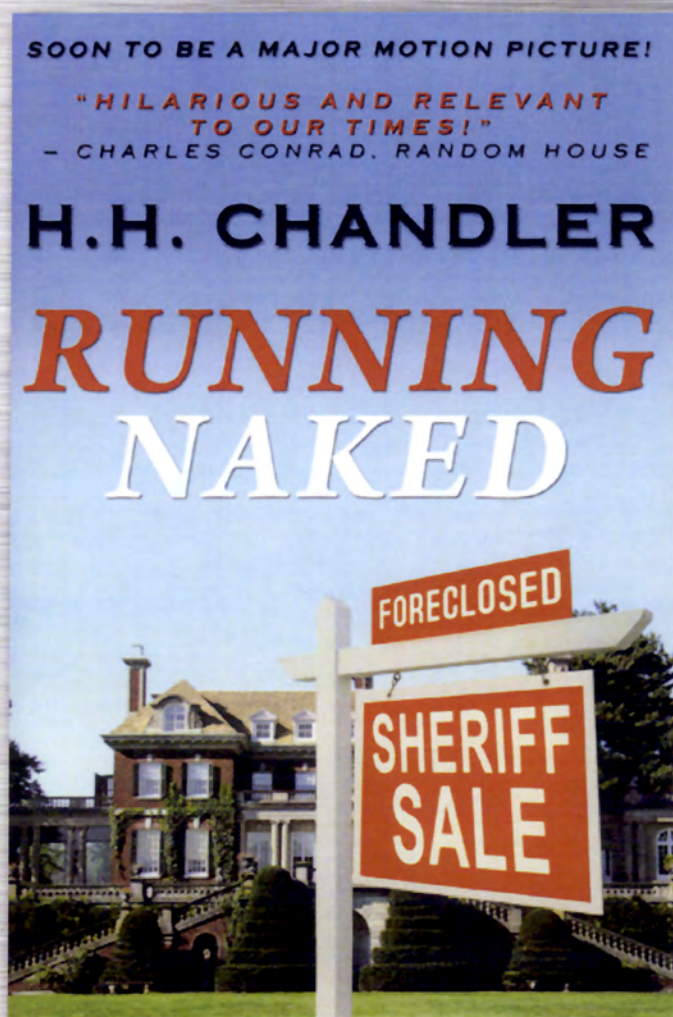
"This is all great! [The Holler's mission] is exactly what Team Fox is all about" adds Dana S. Barden, Communications Officer for the MJFF.

"There is no known cure for Parkinson's disease, but we hope to change that," adds Terry. "We want to connect with the general public on a personal level with our DeLorean Time Machine and our message. The car is so much fun to share with movie fans and we believe if everyone would donate the cost of a movie ticket to the mission, we would reach our fund raising goal in no time!"

I'd like to hope we are also representing DeLoreans in a positive way, showing that they are dependable, wonderful, functional vehicles that can make a journey like this.

More than six million people worldwide are living with Parkinson's disease, and in the United States, 60,000 new cases will be diagnosed this year alone. Parkinson's is a chronic, degenerative neurological disorder whose symptoms typically progress from mild tremors to complete physical incapacitation. - **OLIVER & TERRY HOLLER**

For more information about the mission, schedule an appearance, or receive prepackaged b-roll or video press releases, visit <http://www.ToTheFuture.org> and for more information on Team Fox visit www.teamfox.org.



*Read the story in "Running Naked" about the man who
pioneered the muscle car!*

John DeLorean

<http://store.deloreancarshow.com/>

THE FINANCIAL MARKETS: HOW WE GOT HERE

How Wheeler Dealers Turned Wall Street into The Wild West

In retracing the steps that brought our financial markets to a standstill, it's hard to ignore the footprints of the rugged individualists who turned the investment world into a recreation of the wild west.

And while the American public is treated daily to a news menu featuring billion dollar blunders by banks, automakers and insurance companies – as well as multi-billion dollar fraud and corruption from the highest levels of Wall Street – there are some behind-the-scenes stories that make these headlines seem mundane by comparison.

H. H. Chandler, author of *Running Naked*, knows the our current crisis, running with the likes of guys like money back when investors juggled millions of dollars and confidant, Chandler logged more than Hunter Thompson on a three state bender.

real story of the wheeling and dealing that led up to John DeLorean as they hustled together for investor like the clowns at a circus. As a business partner, friend Truth-Is-Stranger-Than-Fiction miles with DeLorean

"It was like the wild west," he said. "We should have been wearing cowboy hats and boots, the way we worked," Chandler said. "A lot of times, we'd be making it up as we went along, all the while dodging creditors or collection agents. The irony was that we had to look like we were successful, even though most of the time we didn't have two nickels to rub together. In order to look the part, we had to live way beyond our means, with the idea that just one big deal would take care of all the back bills. The only problem was, the goal posts kept moving back every time we got close to a score."

The rollercoaster of that life, working on a shoestring with hopes of hooking the big fish, was symptomatic of the attitude that underscored the mistakes leading to the credit crunch. Living on DeLorean's estate for more than six years, he met with scam artists who posed as Saudi Arabian royalty, had his car repossessed from the parking lot of a posh charity benefit he was attending, and even helped DeLorean use magic markers to hide the flaws of antique rugs he intended to sell to pay his legal bills.

"It was crazy," Chandler said. "We would do whatever consequences so much. We weren't driven by greed Mercedes was repossessed by someone posing as a where I was trying to schmooze high society. And it

it took to make a deal, and we didn't really worry about the as much as we were driven by survival. At one point, my parking attendant at a posh \$1,000-a-ticket charity ball got more surreal than that."

In those days, people like Chandler and DeLorean gone from riches to rags in a very short period of

were trying to dig themselves out of the hole, having time.

"We lived by the deal and died by the deal," Chandler said. "Some people were bricklayers or doctors or truck drivers – those were their jobs. Making deals was what I knew. It was my job, and it was part of my identity. And when the vultures started to circle, the line that separates what you will do and what you won't do for a deal get blurry. And I think that was part of the culture that has led to where we are today."

Chandler's best advice? "Two things: keep your feelings of greed at bay and if it sounds too good to be true, it probably is."

**-H.H.
CHANDLER**

WELCOME TO **LAS VEGAS**

I hope everyone's getting excited about our show in Las Vegas. I know I am! We've got so much going on I can hardly keep track of it all. My job at this show is to deal with the behind-the-scenes details. Volunteers for this event are coming from the AZ-D, NCDMC, D-SD, the DOA, some veteran DCS volunteers and some great Las Vegas owners who've gone to a lot of work to come up with one heck of a driving tour.

We're planning pre-event tech sessions a month or more before the show at DMCC and our Northern California shop: Dietsch Werks, in preparation for the event. At these sessions, the experts will go over the cars for everyone who has signed up for the show. We want everyone to feel confident in their cars for the trip there and home. The DeLorean had a big following on the West Coast and I think there are more cars here, hidden away, than anywhere else. My hope is that many of these cars will be in Vegas with their owners to share the experience.

Of course, if you're coming to Vegas, why not extend your stay and take advantage of all the great deals the city is offering right now. If you want to leave your car, we will have free shuttles from the hotel to The Strip. And when you come to the hotel, make sure to pick up a 'rewards card'. It's good for discounts and lots of free stuff.

See you at the Show!!

KEN MONTGOMERY



Independent filmmaker Jordan Livingston will be attending DCS 2009 in Las Vegas, Nevada filming for his upcoming documentary "Back to the DeLorean."

The film is both a historical documentary about the DeLorean's past and present history, as well as a 'fan-film' featuring interviews with DeLorean owners - new and old - from all over the world! If you would like to appear in the film with your own DeLorean story, please contact Jordan Livingston at info@JLPMOVIES.com.

"Back to the DeLorean," a film by Jordan Livingston, is a retrospective of the DeLorean automobile's past, present, and future! Chronicling the DeLorean's timeline from it's concept through execution, the film combines historical accounts with those of present-day owners and enthusiasts from around the world. Shot entirely in HD, with gorgeous, brand new DeLorean footage, "Back to the DeLorean" explores the endurance of John Z. DeLorean's prolific dream, and the passionately dedicated following that has transformed his car into an iconic and timeless symbol.



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THE ORIGINS OF ED AND THE MISSING BULLION

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MILD LANGUAGE, RUDE HUMOR, BRIEF SMOKING

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In this hilariously over-the-top Classic B-movie, an aspiring superhero with no special powers must rescue the girl of his dreams and a motley crew of would-be caped crusaders from the clutches of a diabolical villain.

Ed Gruberman (Justin Whalin) is a Los Angeles slacker barely scraping by posing for tourist photos in a superhero cape and tights. He's also a lifelong fan of the Dark Winged Vespers, a masked television superhero who defends the defenseless. Late one night, while still in costume, Ed stumbles upon a mugging in progress in a dark alley. He manages to fight off the armed thug only to learn that the intended victim, an alluring vixen in red leatherette (Christine Lakin), is a real life super villain. When she disappears before the police arrive, Ed is convicted of "superhero brutality" and sentenced to Super Capers, a halfway house for superheroes in training.

Ed catches a ride to his new home in a Bat Cab driven by a former caped crusader once known as Man Bat (played by none other than TV Batman Adam West). Once there he meets a team of the world's least intimidating crime fighters including Sarge (Tommy "Tiny" Lister), their burly mentor; Herman Brainard (Samuel Lloyd), a crotchety telekinetic with an oversized cranium; Will Powers (Ryan McPartlin), a thin-skinned man of steel; Puffer Boy, a human puffer fish (writer-director Ray Griggs); and Felicia Freeze (Danielle Harris), a cold-hearted beauty who disables her foes with an icy ray. The motley crew travels to its missions in an oversized, tricked-out time traveling RV featuring some utterly underwhelming gadgetry.

As Ed and his colleagues begin to uncover a sinister plot involving the judge (Michael Rooker) who presided at his trial, Ed is framed for a bank robbery and his friends are kidnapped by an evil mastermind and his Agents (Doug Jones). As Ed uncovers a startling secret about his murdered parents, he finds himself in a race against time to summon whatever powers he might possess and rescue his fellow Super Capers from certain doom. An instant cult-classic that pays tribute to the freewheeling TV superhero series and science fiction films of the past, Super Capers may not save the world but it's a whole lot of crazy fun.

"When Ray Griggs first called me to play a retired ManBat driving a Strange Batmocab, I thought it was Burt Ward playing a practical joke. Once I found out that Ray was serious, I realized the idea was just bizarre enough to be absurdly funny. Super Capers is an homage to the classic 'Batman'. It's also one of the wackiest super-duper caper movies of the summer. I give it four Zaps and a Kapow!" — **ADAM WEST**



SUPER CAPERS

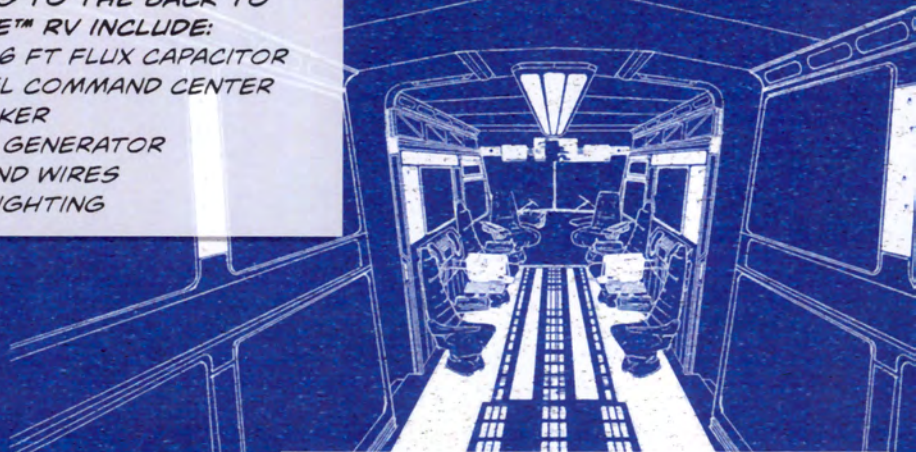
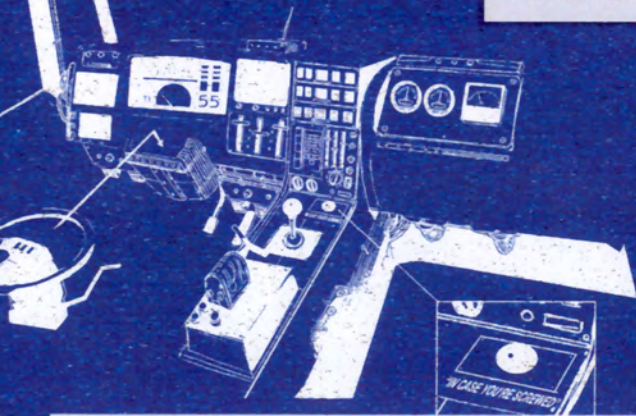
TIME TRAVEL RV

1985 SUNCREST CONVERTED TO BACK TO THE FUTURE™ STYLE RV



SIMILARITIES TO THE BACK TO THE FUTURE™ RV INCLUDE:

- OVERSIZED 6 FT FLUX CAPACITOR
- TIME TRAVEL COMMAND CENTER
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RV FEATURES:

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ADDITIONAL ACCESSORIES:

- RV LOCATOR KEYCHAIN
- PERSONALIZED PLATES: HERO 4U
- RV CAN GET UP TO 88 MPH WITH THE HELP OF GRAVITY



Visit our website at <http://www.supercapers.com>

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DIRECTOR'S BIOGRAPHY

BIRTH NAME: RAY GRIGGS

BORN: 24 APRIL 1974,

SPOUSE: KRISSY GRIGGS

CHILDREN: ANGELINA AND GABRIELLE GRIGGS

RAY GRIGGS SPENT HIS CHILDHOOD IN GERMANY AS HIS FATHER WAS STATIONED THERE WITH THE UNITED STATES MILITARY.

AFTER RETURNING TO THE US IN 1993, RAY STARTED A VIDEO PRODUCTION COMPANY, RG ENTERTAINMENT, IN ST. JOSEPH, MO. THE COMPANY WAS KNOWN FOR MAKING COMMERCIALS AND CORPORATE VIDEOS WITH HOLLYWOOD-LIKE CREATIVITY. IN 2005, RG ENTERTAINMENT RELOCATED TO SIMI VALLEY, CA.

FOLLOWING HIS CHILDHOOD DREAM OF MAKING MOTION PICTURES, RAY BEGAN PRODUCTION ON "LUCIFER", A FIFTEEN-MINUTE SHORT THAT WON NUMEROUS AWARDS AT VARIOUS FILM FESTIVALS. RAY HIRED OSCAR WINNING WRITER DAVID S. WARD TO WRITE A FEATURE LENGTH SCRIPT BASED ON RAY'S ORIGINAL SCRIPT FOR "LUCIFER" (WWW.LUCIFERTHEMOVIE.COM).

IN 2008, A CHILDRENS FILM "SUPER CAPERS" (WWW.SUPERCAPERS.COM) BECAME RAY GRIGGS' DIRECTORIAL DEBUT. NOT ONLY DID HE DIRECT THE FILM, BUT HE WROTE AND PRODUCED IT AS WELL. HE HAD THE GREAT OPPORTUNITY TO DIRECT A PHENOMENAL CAST OF ALREADY ESTABLISHED ACTORS AND ACTRESSES IN THE FILM INDUSTRY. RAY'S GOAL WAS TO USE "SUPER CAPERS" TO PAY HOMAGE TO THE GREAT FILMMAKERS AND ICONIC CHARACTERS FROM HIS CHILDHOOD SUCH AS: GEORGE LUCAS, STEVEN SPIELBERG, AND SUPERMAN. "SUPER CAPERS" HAD A LIMITED THEATRICAL RELEASE IN MARCH OF 2009, BUT LIONS-GATE HAS PICKED IT UP FOR A WIDE DVD RELEASE IN JULY.

MISSION STATEMENT:

TO TELL COMPELLING AND CAPTIVATING STORIES TO A FAMILY AUDIENCE SO THAT THEY MAY BE SWEEPED AWAY FROM REALITY AND LOST IN THE SILVER SCREEN FOR A MOMENT IN TIME...

REAL LIFE QUOTES:

- "DON'T WAIT FOR YOUR SHIP TO COME IN, JUMP IN AND SWIM FOR IT."

-"THERE IS A FINE LINE BETWEEN GENIUS AND INSANITY... I HAVE MANAGED TO ERASE THAT LINE."

AWARDS:

2009 CAIRO INTERNATIONAL CHILDREN'S FILM FESTIVAL FOR "SUPER CAPERS"

2008 ACCOLADE AWARD FOR "LUCIFER" SHORT

2007 BEVERLY HILLS FILM FESTIVAL BEST ANIMATION AWARD FOR "LUCIFER" SHORT

2007 FORT LAUDERDALE FILM FESTIVAL AUDIENCE CHOICE AWARD FOR "LUCIFER" SHORT

2007 SILVER TELLY AWARD FOR "LUCIFER" SHORT



RG ENTERTAINMENT, LTD.
WWW.RGENTERTAINMENT.COM



PROJECTS SO FAR:
WWW.LUCIFERTHEMOVIE.COM
WWW.SUPERCAPERS.COM

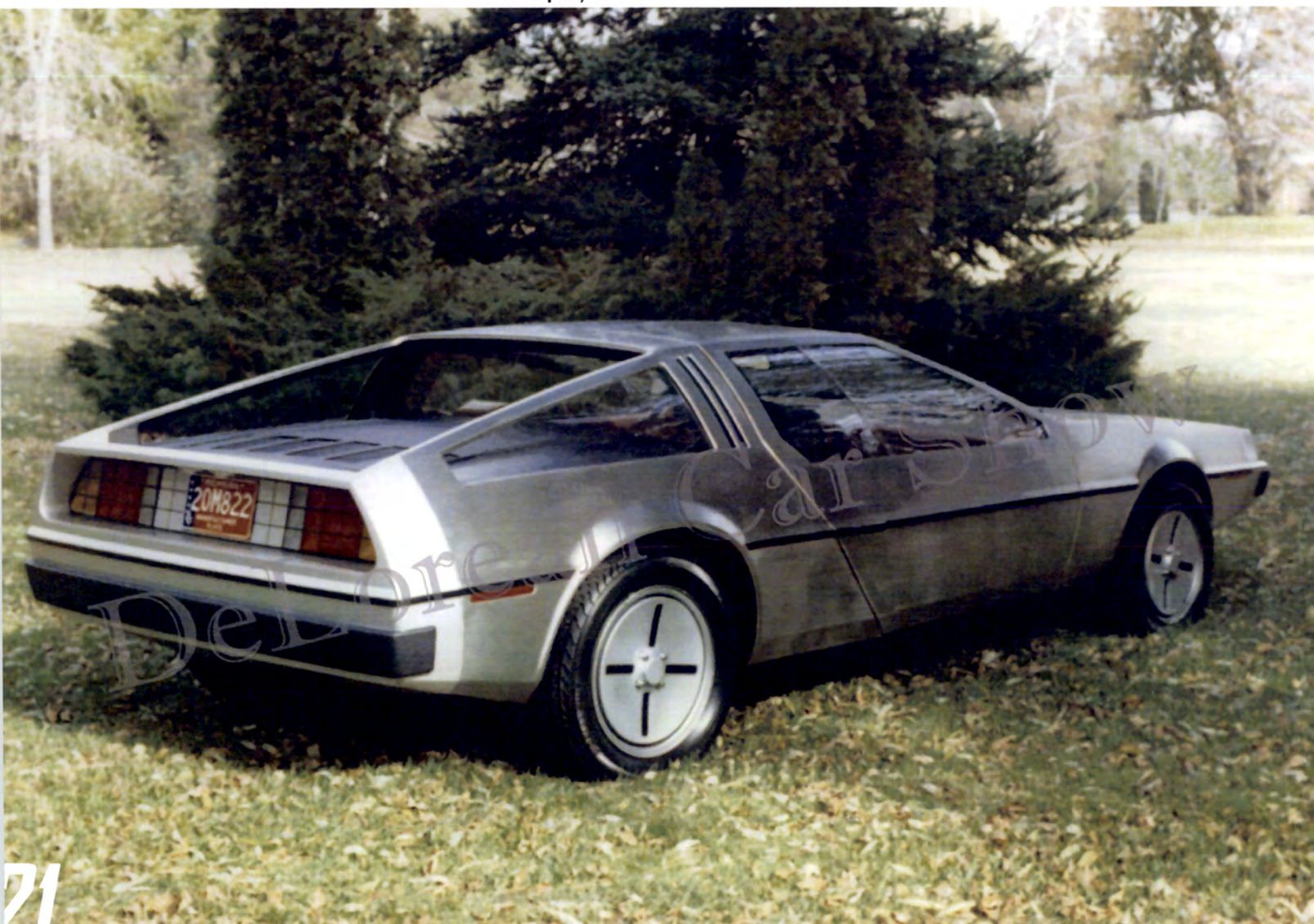
DeLorean

Archives



Over our next few issues, we'll be bringing you some recently unearthed documentation and photographs from the DeLorean Motor Company. This material is part of the Cliff Schmucker collection and parts of it will be on view during the next two DeLorean Car Shows. We hope you enjoy seeing these pieces of automotive history. We really appreciate Cliff's generosity in sharing them with us! Where possible, we will do our best to offer a description of each piece.

In amongst the collection, many photographs of Prototype 1 were included. Our centerfold on the previous two pages was shot in the hills of Ireland. The location is unknown in the photographs here, but the car has a Michigan license plate, so our best guess is at the company office that was located there.





INTER-OFFICE MEMO

TELECOPY

TELECOPY

Date July 30, 1981

CC: E. A. Cafiero
C. R. Brown
(w/attachment)

To Donald H. Lander ✓

From John Z. De Lorean

Subject Product Problems

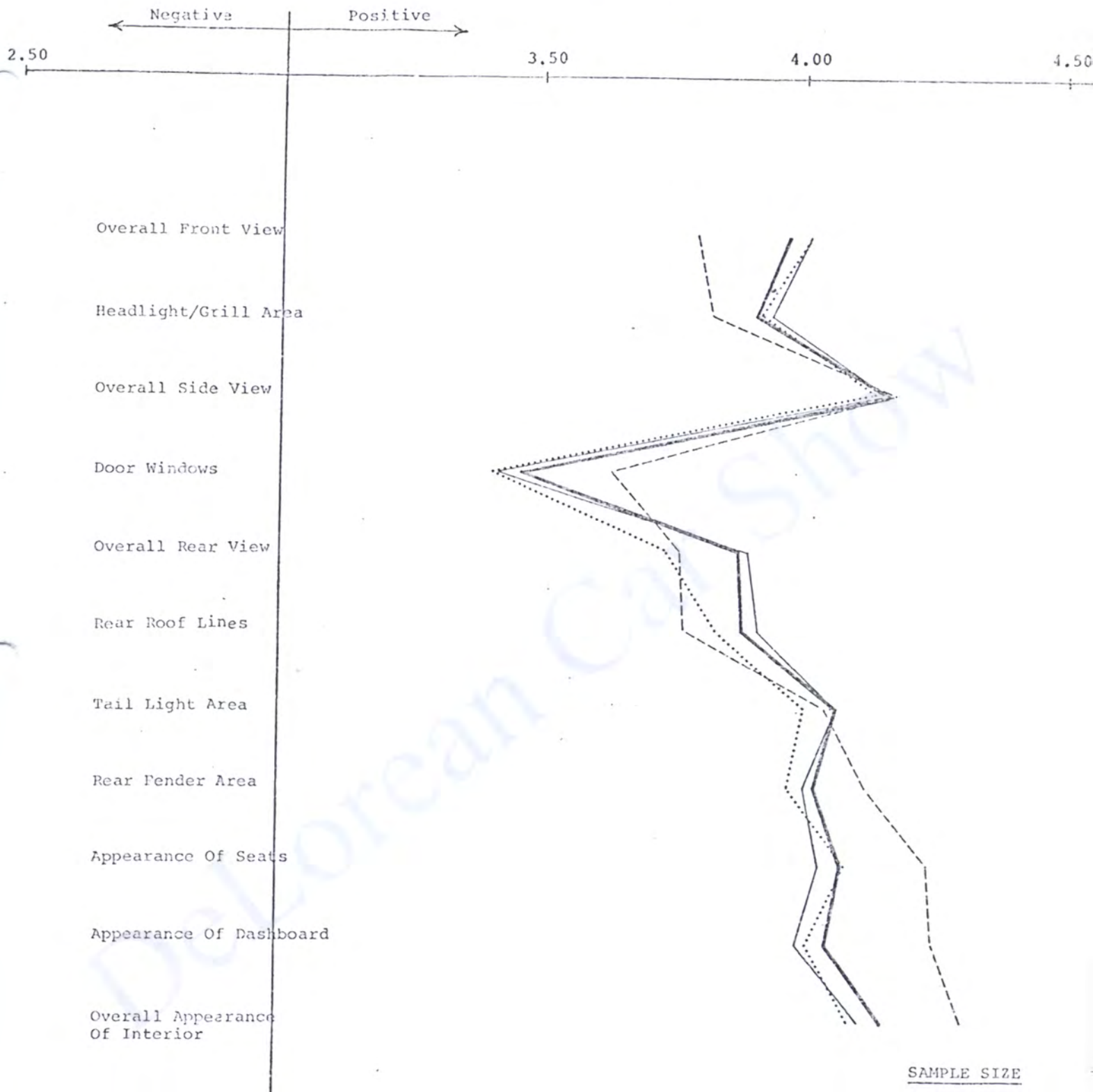
1. Hood delaminating; can we hem edges?
2. Roof popping - can we use mechanical fasteners?
3. Cluster retention, studs pull out of fiberglass, use Irvine fix.
4. Engine cover and hood pull handles not of adequate quality, can be two man operation to open, lacks pop-up.
5. Warping of front disc rotors, a field problem.
6. Fuel system, gage needs redesign, needs more capacity and accuracy.
7. Electrical, many loose connectors, poor routing, too complex.
8. Weatherstripping, flaps and fillers need to be mechanically fastened, they fall off.
9. Facia design no good, why is Porsche good and we not?
10. Eliminate rear louvre panel, too heavy, cracking, improve engine cover.
11. Engine and road noise not commercial, too many holes in floor and firewall. Renault Alpine is one of the quietest cars in the world, we should be also.
12. Too many rattles, itches and creaks, need structural improvement.
13. Doors and latches still need a lot of work, our worst and most publicized problem. Did we try Mercedes tapered guide pins? All cars should be equipped with guide block fix before shipment.

14. The heater/air conditioning control panel looks very cheap. Must be improved in quality.
15. Move ash tray forward, eliminate console clock and put clock back in radio.
16. Move door pull back to center line of hinges, forget short owners.
17. Tire impact harshness very prominent, may get better as noise level improves.
18. We need some kind of storage for maps and small items, not urgent but look at door panel change.
19. Quality of door latch interior bezel very poor. Must be upgraded.
20. Clutch pedal, effort too high.
21. We must incorporate the Duntov door upper diagonal supports as soon as possible and then retrofit them into all cars already sold. We should use hand made parts until tooled parts are available. No cars should leave Belfast without them.
22. Use power antenna, radio useless as is.


John Z. De Lorean

Attachment

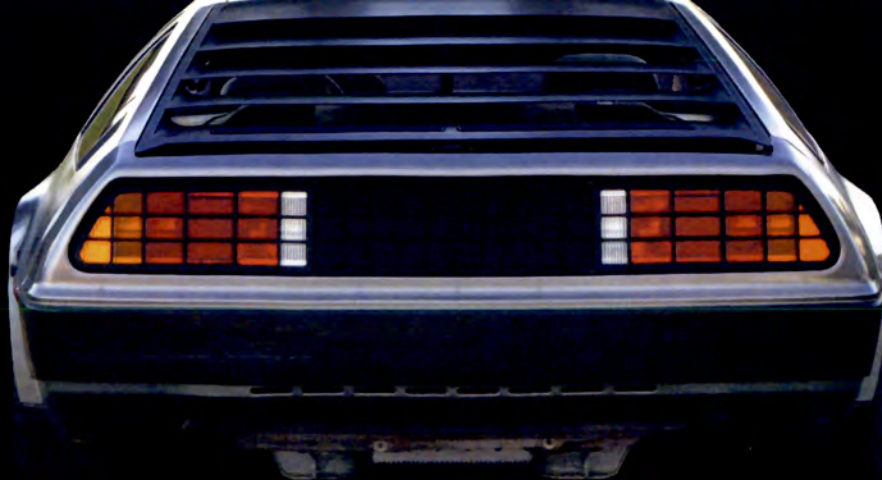
AVERAGE STYLING FEATURE RATINGS OF DMC



Source: DeLorean Motor Car Survey
December, 1976

	SAMPLE SIZE
Total	(567)
Males	(456)
Females	(111)
Owned Three Or More Sports Cars	(147)





LED Taillights

With all of the modern advances in lighting technology, one can't help but wonder how the DeLorean would be equipped today, if it were still in production. When the replacement door light LEDs became popular a few years ago, many owners started experimenting with replacing more of the factory tungsten bulbs (mainly instrument panel, HVAC panel, and interior) with varying degrees of success.

(See <http://www.dmctalk.com/showthread.php?t=2813> for LED replacement cross reference info.)

With higher wattage plug and play LED replacements now available for more and more automotive bulbs, we couldn't help wonder if it were possible to replace literally every tungsten bulb in the car. The short answer, according to our findings is yes, except for the alternator light, the low fuel light (if you are using a "TankZilla" fuel sender), the cigarette lighter light, and naturally the headlights. In addition to the somewhat steep price for some of the more exotic replacements we tested, there are performance tradeoffs in illumination that have to be considered, along with the power savings, reduced heat, and "coolness" factor of LEDs.

However, the accompanying photos and data do not necessarily tell the entire story, as the "subjective factor" should also be considered. Even though a particular LED might measure less intensity ("Lux") than the factory original bulb in the DeLorean lens housing, LEDs tend to catch one's eye quicker in turn signal and braking applications. This is because of the instant on/off feature of LEDs, as compared to tungsten that ramp up to full brilliance. Essentially LEDs seem more "snappy".

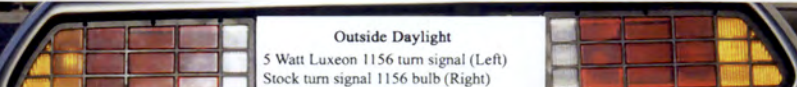
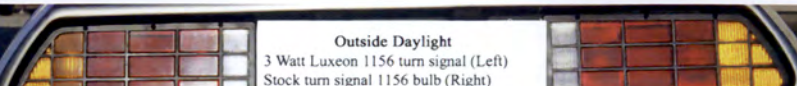
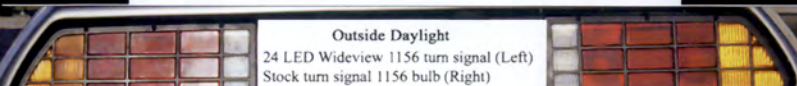
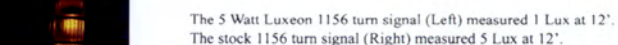
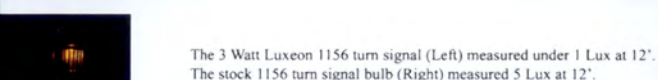
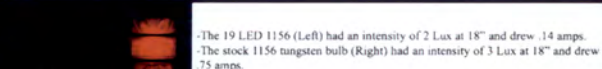
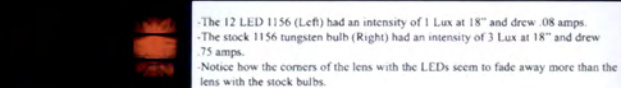
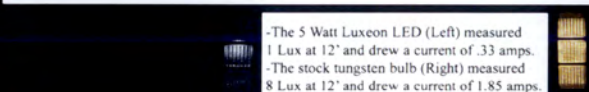
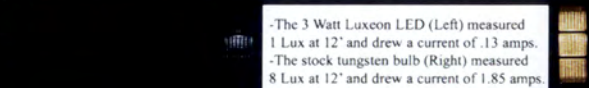
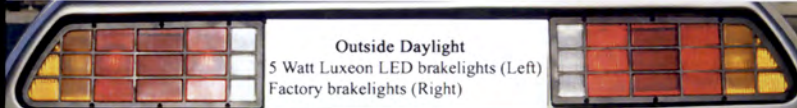
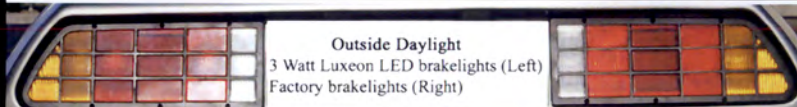
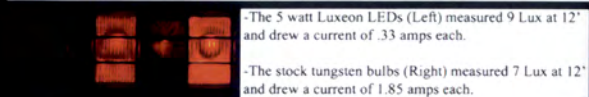
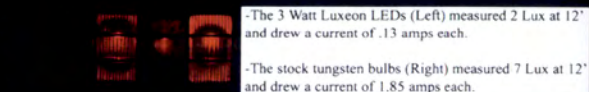
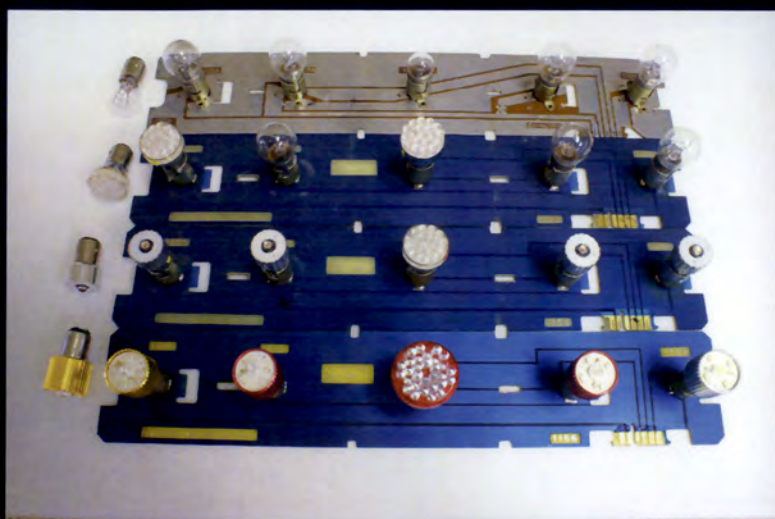
Check out the side-by-side comparison photos, which also include the measured luminosity data, and hopefully this will help you in your decision to stick with factory, or go with partial or all LEDs. In fairness to the LEDs, the DeLorean factory lenses, housings, and reflectors are not optimized for LED use, as the illumination pattern of the tungsten bulbs is entirely different. However, the bottom line is how they perform in the given application.

There is no question that LEDs consume less power than the factory tungsten bulbs.

Regardless what your decision is as far as utilizing LEDs, if you have not already done so, take steps to save your headlight switch by reducing its' current load (see article in the next issue of DCS Magazine on that). — **CLIFF SCHMUEKER and PATRICK CONLON**

Bulb and LED currents

	Current (A) at 12.7 V	Power (W)	QTY	Total (A)
#89 Factory Parking Rear	0.75	9.53	2	1.50
1156x12 LED Parking Rear	0.08	1.02	2	0.16
1156x19 LED Parking Rear	0.14	1.78	2	0.28
1156x24WV LED Parking Rear	0.13	1.65	2	0.26
1156x30 LED Parking Rear	0.14	1.78	2	0.28
#1157 Factory Parking Front	0.45	5.72	2	0.90
1157x24WV Parking Front	0.04	0.51	2	0.08
1157 LX3 Parking Front	0.05	0.64	2	0.10
1157 LX5 Parking Front	0.08	1.02	2	0.16
#1157 Factory Turn Front	1.91	24.26	1	1.91
1157x24WV Turn Front	0.13	1.65	1	0.13
1157 LX3 Turn Front	0.17	2.16	1	0.17
1157 LX5 Turn Front	0.33	4.19	1	0.33
#1156 Factory Brake, Rear Turn, Backup	1.85	23.50	4	7.40
1156 LX3 Brake, Rear Turn, Backup	0.13	1.65	4	0.52
1156 LX5 Brake, Rear Turn, Backup	0.33	4.19	4	1.32
Factory License Plate	0.40	5.08	2	0.80
3610x4 LED Festoon License Plate	0.03	0.38	2	0.06
Factory Side Marker	0.32	4.06	4	1.28
BA9 LED Side Marker	0.02	0.25	4	0.08
Factory Inst Panel	0.19	2.41	5	0.95
WLEDx6 LED Inst Panel	0.03	0.38	5	0.15
Factory Switch Lights	0.09	1.14	2	0.18
74 Wedge LED Switch Lights	0.02	0.25	2	0.04
Factory Cig Lighter (no LED Available)	0.09	1.14	1	0.09
Factory Glove Box Light	0.20	2.54	1	0.20
LED Glove Box T10-WHP LED	0.08	1.02	1	0.08
HVAC Panel Factory Lights	0.13	1.65	4	0.52
HVAC Panel BA7s LED	0.02	0.25	4	0.08
Relay #11	0.16	2.03	1	0.16
TOTAL Headlight Switch Current:				
Factory Tungsten Bulbs				5.86
LED's (using LX5's in Front)				0.92
"SwitchSaver Relay" (Factory Bulbs or LEDS)				0.16



Cincinnati Parade: Patrick, Sue and Terry Conlon, John & Valerie McCarthy, Jeremy Popp & Elle Bowman, Will Tucker, Larry Depasquale, Sean & Heather Lowe, Shannon Yocom, Cliff Schmucker & Karen Dean, Nicholas Roedl & Brittany Jenkins, Mike Damico, Jack Gambetta, Michael Conrad and David & Josh Haldeman

Noticeably Absent (lest it be forgotten): Ken Koncelik!

St Patrick's Day 2009 Parades

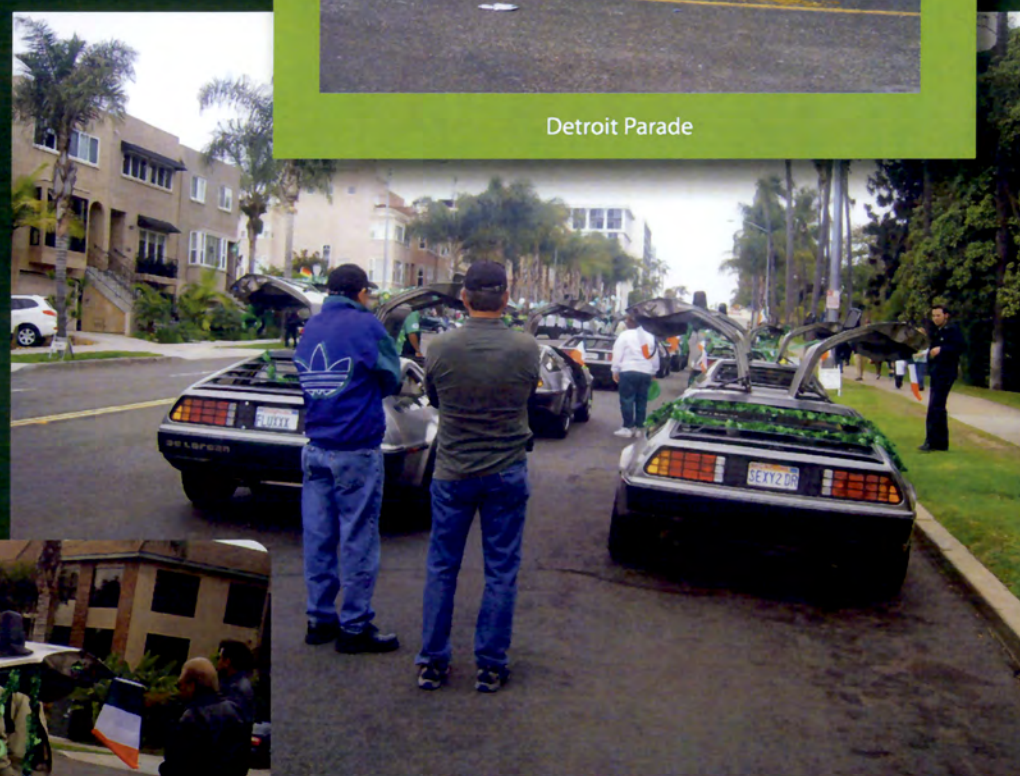
Another busy one for DeLorean owners and the St. Patrick's Day parade this year! Cincinnati topped the list with fourteen cars in attendance. San Diego came in second with twelve, and Houston, last year's winner, fighting some bad weather, still managed a great turnout of ten cars! We didn't hear from a few of our regulars this time around, but we hope that everyone had a great time participating in this annual rite, and that you get a kick out of the pictures of the events that we've collected for you. See you next year! — **Josh Haldeman**



San Diego Parade: Christopher Mack, Cecil Bainto, Tyler Sparling, Gordon and Cathy Carpenter, Rod Blankenship & Cliff Query, Don Steger, Danny & Mary Botkin, Annette Mesa & Tom, Skip Vaughn & Wife, Mike Keller & Wife, Chris Kiss, Linda Powell & Friend



Detroit Parade



running naked

chapter five

staying alive

Rex leaned against his Mercedes scraping the mud off his shoes. The field separating the Cummins house and his own had been wet in spots, especially near the hedges where he had crept alongside with Fluffy in hand. Fluffy looked fabulous, cleaned and spotless with white fur soft as new down on a baby duck. He had placed the rabbit in the cage facing the Cummins house and Rex muttered to himself, "You sick bastard."

For that extra touch he took the dead rabbit's paw and had it lifted in the air as though it were waving good-bye. Rigormortis was setting in. With his shoes cleaned, he slid into his leather seat and drove to the edge of the driveway. With the engine running, he got out of the car and did a visual check both ways on River Road to make sure there was no tow truck.

Feeling assured, Rex got back in the Mercedes and headed for DeLorean's. The drive there was short, less than three miles. He knew the entrance well; everyone did. Two gargantuan eagles sat on top of two gigantic granite pillars positioned on each side of the main gate.

Rex turned in and drove slowly up the main drive. He wanted to enjoy this.

DeLorean had purchased the four hundred and fifty acre estate from the last surviving members of the family that had built the estate in the 1800's. Once a rich and powerful Wall Street family,

surviving members of the family that had built the estate in the 1800's. Once a rich and powerful Wall Street family, they had spared no expense. The stable itself was over one hundred thousand square feet with separate quarters for the hounds. Twelve cottages circled the main courtyard to the right of the mansion, each built to perfection. At one time they housed the servants; now they were guest cottages. Both sides of the driveway were landscaped works of art. Rex saw countless ponds filled with lilies, fountains and laced with flowers. Hand made miniature bridges spanned streams that meandered and crisscrossed in and out of the tree line.

For almost a mile this living painting of horticulture and architecture followed the driveway to the main house. Rex slowly drove his car past the main house, a magnificent brick Georgian mansion.

Two hundred years of cold northeast weather had worn the brick to a sunset pink. Red and white roses climbed a trellis on each side of the main entrance. Floor to ceiling windows with overflowing flower boxes adorned the front.

Rex parked his car in a circular courtyard in front of the house. He got out of the car and looked at the imposing structure. 'It's all here,' he told himself. 'I might as well be standing in front of the gates to the Emerald City. Inside lives the Wizard of Oz and he's going to grant my wish.'

Rex checked his shoes for mud one more time before he walked up the marble steps to the front door. He could see that there was no electronic surveillance, just a large sleeping dog, and an old one at that. Rex stepped over the dog and knocked. A warm breeze came through the courtyard and swung the door open.

Rex peeked inside. "Hello? Anybody home?"

The dog slept and no one answered. Rex opened the door and walked in. A sweeping spiral staircase that spilled from the fourth floor flowed into the grand foyer.

Once again he tried calling. "Hello, anybody home?" He waited silently. For a moment he felt like the cowardly lion. Then a voice from the hallway to his right responded,

"Yes, hello! Come on back here. I'll be with you in a minute."

Rex walked down the hallway towards the sound of the voice. Photographs of DeLorean lined the walls. Photographs with celebrities, presidents and heads of state, all taken in better days. He stopped and looked at one photo of DeLorean standing next to the car that bore his name. The location of the shot was the Bedminster estate, which filled the background as if it were a painting from one of the Dutch masters. The advertising print across the bottom of the photo read, 'A new breed of tire for a new man.'

"They cancelled that ad campaign right after the cocaine bust, with which I am sure you are familiar."

Rex turned to see DeLorean standing behind him. He smiled and said, "Cocaine, yes. The tires? Can't say I've ever used the tires. Rex Roberts, nice to meet you."

DeLorean laughed, "Come sit in my office and let's talk."
"Lead the way."

As they walked down the hallway DeLorean scrutinized Rex. "Say, that's some bump on your head. Looks new. What happened?"

Rex rubbed his throbbing bruise. "My wife. She was practicing Feng Shui."

"Really? I didn't think that Feng Shui was one of the martial arts."

"It is the way my wife does it."

Rex followed DeLorean. He looked much like every photograph he had seen of him but older. He still had a full head of hair; it was white but it was all there. Rex figured he was a good six inches taller than him, which would make him about six foot six. He wore faded blue jeans and walked an easy gait with good posture.

Rex paused and looked around the room that DeLorean called his office. The walls were lined with shelves that contained hundreds of books. Some of the books were bound with leather that had a wonderful worn patina. Rare books? Rex wondered. Definitely not 'Book-of-The-Month Club.' Another shelf of books looked as though it hadn't been touched in a century. Every book was in perfect alignment. The top shelves were filled with trophies that either had a brass or silver automobile at the top or the bottom.

"Like the room?" DeLorean asked.

Rex smiled. "It's a wonderful old room. Has the smell of leather and old books." Rex nodded to the overstuffed leather chairs, one in front of large mahogany desk and a well-worn chair behind. "Looks comfortable, too."

"More than what meets the eye," he responded.

Rex sensed a game was afoot. He looked around the room again.

"What makes you say that?"

DeLorean stood behind the desk. "Look carefully."

"Is this a test?"

"Could be."

"Well it's a little early in the morning but what the hell? Give me a clue."

DeLorean sat down in the big leather chair behind the desk. "Details, one can always find the truth in the details."

Rex examined the room again and then began to walk around. He touched the spines of the leather bound books and lifted each trophy to feel its weight. He was at a loss. Everything seemed to be what it was supposed to be. Everything except the books so perfectly aligned on the bottom shelf. He walked over to them and ran his hand across the tops of the books. Instantly he could feel that they were fake, made from paper mache or some such substance. He pushed at them; they were solid as a rock. None of them moved except when Rex pulled on the last book and the entire wall swung open as one giant door. Rex turned to John and

laughed. "Holy Moley!"

There, hidden behind the fake wall, was an entire other room. This was a 'man's room'; in the middle there was a card table set for six places. A complete bar was just to the left with five bar stools and a large glass case for cigars next to the bar. The far wall held another large case with a gun collection that included vintage rifles and shotguns.

"I love this. I bet this room could tell some stories," Rex said. DeLorean put his feet up on the desk. "It's my favorite room in the house. But I don't play cards or smoke so I don't use it. Close the panel and come sit."

Rex pushed the wall back to its closed position and returned to the empty chair in front of the desk.

As Rex sat in the comfortable chair he took a quick assessment of DeLorean. First, there were the cowboy boots. Rex loved the boots. They were worn and old enough to have been repaired a few times. The man was comfortable in them, which meant he was comfortable with himself. Rex didn't know when he first started looking at a man's shoes but he remembered why. His father had told him that you could always tell a lot about a man by his shoes.

"Leather shoes that are comfortable and will take a polish. That's what you look for, son; watch out for the soft shoe man."

"What's a soft shoe man, Dad?"

"Shoes that will not take a shine."

"Why is that important?"

"Because the same person might wear a pinky ring."

"What's wrong with pinky rings?"

"Gangsters wear pinky rings."

DeLorean's shoes took a shine and there was no pinky ring in sight.

"Well, what can you do for me?" DeLorean asked.

"What do you want?"

"Fifty million dollars."

"And what are we going to do with the fifty million dollars?"

"Get my farm out of foreclosure, revamp my struggling manufacturing company in Utah and start a new car company."

Rex nodded his head, absorbing it all. Then after a pause, he asked, "Is that all? I wish you had told me this on the phone when I first called. I would have just sent the check over."

DeLorean sat back and let out a sigh. "So you think it's impossible?" "It's a tall order but I don't think it's impossible. Difficult, but not impossible." Rex hoped he sounded convincing. He would have felt more confident if he had just been asked to turn water into wine.

"Terrific!" DeLorean sat up straight, his hope renewed. "I'm glad we are on the same page. Now you talk to me. How is Rex Roberts going to get this done?"

Rex smiled and said, "Do you want the dog and pony show first or shall we cut right to the chase?"

"Cut to the chase. I've seen enough dog and pony shows in my life." Rex shrugged. "Ok, but you're missing a great show. I've been working on it for years."

DeLorean laughed. "Maybe another time. Tell me why I am talking to you. How can you help me when no one else seems to be able to?"

"Mr. DeLorean, there is an old Biblical expression that I am very fond of and believe in."

"I've got a few myself. What's yours?"

"The truth shall set you free."

"I always tell the truth."

"I am going to hold you to that, because the only way I am going to be able to do your deal is if we tell each other the truth."

DeLorean took his feet off the desk and leaned forward.

"Well, Rex Roberts, what version of the truth are you interested in?"

"What happened to you. Everything, the coke bust, everything."

"Why is this necessary?"

"Mr. DeLorean, I think we both just agreed that the truth is in the details. I need to hear the details so I can determine what the truth is for myself."

"And once you have decided what the truth is? What will that do for you?"

"Give me something to believe in. It's not always about the money. What am I saying? It is always about the money. I need the money and I don't work for free. But you sir, your situation is not just about collateral and cash flow. There is a lot of history here, history that will follow you and the deal wherever we take it. And I'm not sure which one will take more explaining."

DeLorean sat back and looked out his office window. Rex waited and reflected. Did the truth really matter? Public opinion on DeLorean was already established; he was a high roller who got what he deserved. Icarus fell to earth, didn't he?

DeLorean took a moment to consider what had been said. "You're very astute."

"Thank you."

DeLorean swung his chair around and rested his boots on the windowsill behind his desk. "There is a Biblical passage that I am rather fond of myself, Ephesians chapter six verse twelve."

"I'm not familiar with that one"

DeLorean looked out the window onto his farm as he recited the verse. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world. Against spiritual wickedness in high places."

He turned to Rex. "Rex Roberts, I have always told the truth. America is a funny place; my father was a line factory worker in Detroit. My mother made my first clothes from empty flour sacks. I didn't come from money. I achieved the classic American dream, the man who comes from nothing, has nothing and climbs his way

to the top of the heap. Everybody's your friend. Problem is if you get too high too fast, they all want to see you fall, especially if you step on somebody's toes. Then all of a sudden who you thought was your friend wants to stick it in your ear.

He continued in a tone that conceded resignation. "You are not the first person to ask me what happened and I am fairly certain that you won't be the last." DeLorean opened his desk drawer, removed a stack of papers and handed it to Rex.

"This is my own account of what happened, in my own words."
"You didn't write this down just for me?" Rex jabbed.

DeLorean laughed. "I am sure I would have, had you asked, but no, I wrote it down for my children so they would know the truth. Here, it won't take long; it's a quick read. I have some calls to make. I'll be back in about ten minutes."

DeLorean left the room and Rex picked up the papers and began to read.

"The history of my harassment and persecution goes back to the late 70's when I founded the DeLorean Motor Company. Ultimately, we built our plant in Belfast, Northern Ireland in the expectation of providing jobs to truly needy people, which indeed we did. It was gratifying to see the impact on the Catholic community; middle-aged men who never had a regular job were suddenly able to provide for their families. The beautiful red haired, freckled faced Irish children had new clothes and some perhaps a shiny bicycle. Burned out, boarded up shops were reopened. Suddenly, in early 1982, the new Thatcher government, for no apparent reason, closed DMCL. We later found out, when the accounting firm, Arthur Anderson, subpoenaed the British Cabinet meeting minutes, that DMC had been financed in Belfast in an effort to destroy the IRA. They had put us in an impossible and dangerous political quagmire. We couldn't win.

In the first six months in business, the last half of 1981, DMC earned \$26,500,000 and was earning \$5,000,000 per month when it was closed by Thatcher's government. (See Arthur Andersen audit accounts, a public record).

The conservative Thatcher Government could not allow labor to demonstrate such incredible success in their industrial development programs. So they shut us down along with Bill Lear's "Lear Fan Jet" aircraft plant.

When it became clear the conservative Thatcher Government was not going to honor the Master Agreement in regard to Export Financing, I twice went to Ken Bloomfield, the head of the Department of Commerce, and I offered to give the department all of my shares in DMC for NOTHING, if they would keep the company alive. They would have owned 92% of the company with their shares and mine. The offer is a matter of public record."

Rex's cell phone rang; he looked at the caller ID. It was Derek.
"What's up, Derek?"

"Just calling to see if you followed up on that DeLorean deal."

"I'm at his place now."

"Oh, terribly sorry, am I interrupting something?"

"No, he's out of the room. I'm just reading through some papers."

"So he can't hear you?"

"No, Derek, he can't hear me. What's going on?"

"Rex, I really think that this deal is a waste of time. You're beating a dead horse."

"Why the change of heart Derek? This isn't like you."

"Rex, just charge him a hefty upfront fee and forget about it. He'll pay it; he's desperate. You don't even have to split the fee with me."

"Derek, what's going on?"

"I just don't want to see you waste your time."

Rex stood and walked over to the window, thinking.

"Rex?" Derek asked.

"Yes."

"What are you thinking?"

"I don't know, Derek. Maybe I can get this done."

"Rex, it's a complete loss. Look, I have another deal you can work on. It's a good solid deal and you know what?"

"What, Derek?"

"I'm going to personally pay you an advance on the deal."

Rex looked at the phone to see if it was working properly. "Say that again. You, Derek Shinn, are going to pay me an advance?"

"Absolutely. So just collect your fee from Mr. DeLorean and meet me at the club. We will be onto bigger and better things."

The jolt of reality and truth that came crashing into his head almost caused Rex to lose his balance. He fell back in the big leather chair.

"Oh, my God!" he said into the phone. "Oh, my God!"

"Rex, why do you keep saying 'oh, my God'?"

"Because it just hit me."

"What just hit you?"

"What's really going on!"

"What are you talking about, Rex?"

"What I'm talking about is that someone really thinks I might pull this off. Someone out there thinks I might get this deal done and they don't want it to happen!"

Derek laughed. "Rex, what a lot of bollocks!"

"Really? Since when does Derek Shinn pay advances? We've been friends for a long time Derek. Don't fuck with me."

There was silence on the other end.

"Derek?"

"Rex..."

Rex could hear Derek exhaling cigarette smoke. "Derek, I thought you quit smoking?"

"I did, I have! This is nothing."

"Derek you sound flustered."

"Rex, there are people putting a lot of pressure on me to stay out of this deal. The man has some serious enemies in some very high places."

"So I'm reading."

"Rex, for an old buddy, just back off."

Rex closed his eyes and leaned back in the chair. Easy money, he thought to himself. He could just whack DeLorean for an upfront fee and meet Derek at the club and pick up another check. Jennifer would be off his back, pay some bill collectors... "Fuck!" he said out

loud into the phone. "You hear me, Derek? I said fuck!"
"Take it easy, Rex."
"You take it easy. Just hold on for a fucking second!"

Rex got out of the chair and went to the doorway to make sure no one was there. Satisfied, he went back to the chair.

"Why did you do this to me? I can't walk out of here now! This man is bleeding to death just like me and I think he's a good guy. All you and your fucking people have done now is throw some salt on the wound. I'm doing this deal, Derek. By God, I am going to fucking get this deal done. I am so tired of being somebody's puppet. Bye, Derek. Don't call back."

Rex took a deep breath and calmed himself down. He picked up the papers and continued to read.

How could they possibly have turned this offer down unless they just plain wanted to shut down the factory? With the British Government owning my shares there would have been no need for receivership and 15,000 jobs in Britain could have been saved (2,600 in Belfast alone). The British Government would have preserved their \$200 million investment! Even if they elected to stop building DMCs and built Rovers in our plant, they would have saved millions of dollars and the jobs of the workers. I asked NOTHING in exchange for the years of work and millions of dollars I had invested in DMC. I just wanted DMC and her workers to survive. The prevailing wisdom in Ireland is that our Catholic workers were being forced to tithe to the IRA. So we were shut down. As the recent revelation of the British Cabinet minutes show, they were trying to use DMC to cripple the IRA. When that failed, we were shut down. (See headline attached; Exhibit E.)

A 1978 telex from Kingman Brewster, the US. Ambassador to England, to the State Department said that General Motors objected strongly that DMC was being given unfair financial incentives and was a "serious threat to their business." As a result DMC was forced to pay a \$400 per car royalty, more per car than GM earned in most of those years. In 1982, when it was clear that DMC was going to be a great success, GM suddenly shut off the floor plan financing to all of the automobile dealerships that had agreed to take on DMC. When you remove a dealership's 'floor plan financing' they can no longer buy cars. Around the same time, Margaret Thatcher's husband, Dennis, without one day of automotive experience, became a highly paid executive of General Motors. Thatcher's son became a highly paid executive by Lotus in Texas. General Motors owned Lotus at the time.

It is my personal belief that the "cocaine bust" was instigated by the British Government, along with other forces.

In the totally fake and fabricated narcotic trial in Los Angeles, I was found innocent without presenting one witness or one single word of defense. This was not because of entrapment, but because the jury found that no crime had been committed. The British Government that instigated the frame up attempted to deprive me of funds to defend myself. I had transferred my Southern California

ranch to Howard Weitzman to sell and pay legal fees. The prospective buyer, a man named Wilcoxon in Lake Havasu, the home of "London Bridge", received two threatening phone calls telling him that if he bought my ranch he would be killed.

Among the many others, we subpoenaed the phone records of the British Governments' attorney, Malcomb Schade, and behold, the threatening calls were made from Schade's home telephone. This is in the court records. (See attached phone bills, Exhibit A). By the same subpoenaed phone call method, we found that one of the IRS agents, Michael TalDean, had threatened Joseph Cefaratti, one of our witnesses. Cefaratti was told by the FBI that income tax charges against him would be dropped if he helped the government entrap either Barry Goldwater or myself.

The tape recordings and videos the government presented in the L.A. case were a sick joke; a dozen exculpatory tapes were "lost". The videos and audios were illegal, doctored total fabrications. During the trial, Larry Flynt, the publisher, somehow acquired an audio tape from the duplicitous government confidential informant, James Hoffman. In this tape, tested and authenticated by the top forensic expert at Stanford Research Institute, the Government threatens to "kill and send my daughter's head home in a shopping bag" if I refuse to go along or try to escape them.

In the most important video that included the agent's call threatening my daughter's life, our forensic investigator, Anthony Pelicano, showed that the window shadow jumps up the wall three feet between frames! A 2-1/2 hour gap.

If we had elected to present a defense we would have torn the illegal tapes and videos to shreds. FBI agents Tisa and West were caught in outright perjury. FBI agent Tisa had destroyed his required handwritten daily log of my case, written between July and October of 1982, and fabricated a new daily log to incriminate me. Unfortunately for Tisa, he mistakenly wrote 17 of the dates as 1983, not 1982. Nobody mistakenly writes next year's date.

The jury panel later told us that was when they knew that I was the victim of a sick frame up created by publicity hungry prosecutors. (See court records).

Prosecutors Walsh and Perry were captured on the court microphone illegally coaching witness Tisa after this mishap. This was broadcasted to the pressroom. Real Keystone Cops. It would have been almost funny if it had not destroyed my life and my family. A true hero who so much hated my frame up was DEA agent Gerald Scotti. He had come to realize that the government's entire case was a total fabrication and he wanted no part of it. Scotti testified as to the original targeting of me. The FBI was babysitting the sleazebag informant, James Hoffman, a life long criminal who was waiting to testify. Hoffman, reading in the Wall Street Journal that DMC was in trouble, turned to Scotti and Walsh and said, "I met DeLorean once. He's in financial trouble. I'll bet I can frame him in a sting." Walsh enthusiastically agreed and suddenly, I was it.

Tisa additionally confessed to pretending to be a bank president

and dissuading our financial sources in London from placing any new money into DMC. money that could have saved the company. The tape of the Tisa call is in the court records. The FBI destroyed the lives and jobs of 2600 workers.

Rex put the papers down and looked up to see that DeLorean was standing in the office looking out the window.

"This is some pretty hard core stuff, Mr. DeLorean."

DeLorean replied, "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world. Against spiritual wickedness in high places. I couldn't tell them what to do with their money. If the workers wanted to give a piece of their paycheck to the IRA, that was their business. Hell, the Brits told me if I built the plant there they would guarantee me two hundred million in loans."

"I don't get it. You offered them the car company for nothing and they closed it down just to make the other side look bad?"

DeLorean came and sat down at the desk. "Well, there is one more thing. Thatcher hated me."

"Why did she hate you?"

"Probably because I'm an arrogant son of a bitch. After they cut off my financing, Thatcher demanded I pay taxes on the vehicles that were already sold. We had sold everything we had made and had two years worth of back orders. Now, how the hell was I going to pay taxes when they withdrew my financing? That's how stupid they were. I couldn't even pay my line suppliers."

"All right, John, I'm finding all this a little hard to believe."

"Rex, everything I am telling you is sworn testimony that came out in the trial."

"Why haven't we heard about this before?"

"Rex, when you piss off people in high places, records get sealed, news media gets edited and if things go your way, it's a two-inch blurb next to the crossword puzzle."

Rex leaned forward. "Please explain to me how they set up the sting?"

"Well, the first thing they did was go around to all the banks that I was dealing with and let them know in a very quiet way that I was under investigation and if anything bad were to come out it might not look too good for the bank to be doing business with me. So let me ask you: if you were a banker and the FBI told you that they were investigating me, would you lend me any money? So they turned my credit off, everywhere. The car company was just getting off the ground and Thatcher had made sure that I didn't have a dime of working capital. In the meantime they had planted this fellow in my organization that came to me with an idea that could raise me a quick twenty million bucks. He was very vague about what it was. He made it sound as though there were a group of businessmen who wanted to invest. Then somewhere down the line he asked for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of good faith money, mostly for him putting the deal together. To make a long story short, eventually I was told that there were drugs involved. When I heard that I told him to forget it. That's when very strange people began to show up. They played like they were big time mob guys

and told me the deal was too far down the line and if I didn't go through with it...well, they threatened my family. Go through with the deal or else! I was worn down to a nub. This is where the arrogant side of my personality kicks in; I thought I could outsmart them, somehow. I wasn't thinking straight; so I told them sure, go ahead, do it. The rest is television history."

Rex was stunned. All he ever remembered was the six o'clock news and hearing the word 'busted' over and over again.

"How is it that I never heard about any of this? Were you cleared of all charges?"

"Yes, totally. In addition, there is a little over twenty million dollars sitting in a bank from a settlement against our accounting firm at the time. Apparently they 'mismanaged the books'. In any case, the money is sitting there waiting for anyone who invested in the DeLorean car company."

Rex shook his head. He stood and paced the office thinking about the story he had just been told. He turned and looked at DeLorean who just sat there smiling at Rex.

"They ruined you," Rex said.

"Yes."

"You lost your car company, your wife divorced you and you must have spent millions on legal fees!"

DeLorean smiled and said, "And don't forget the British Government still has a sixty million dollar suit against me. To cap it off, my farm is in foreclosure because I had to take a rather high interest rate loan to pay some legal bills and put a cash infusion into that company I own in Utah."

"How much did you borrow?"

"Three million."

"What's the interest rate?"

"Thirty percent."

"Jesus!"

Rex turned to see a young girl burst through the office door.

"Daddy!"

She was dressed in blue jeans and a tee shirt that advertised a rock band. Rex could see that by anyone's account she was attractive. A dark brunette with her father's deep blue eyes, Rex guessed she was probably around fifteen. Then Rex remembered that DeLorean's ex-wife was the super model of her time and this was their daughter.

She walked behind DeLorean's desk, sat in his lap and, running her hand through his silver hair, asked, "Daddy, can I have a hundred dollars to go to a concert?"

DeLorean's face beamed.

"Sweetheart, that's a lot of money."

"Oh daddy, please."

DeLorean turned to Rex. "Rex, this is my daughter Katherine. Katherine, this is Rex Roberts."

She turned and aimed a very flirtatious smile at Rex and said, "Rex, will you tell my father to give me a hundred dollars?"

Rex smiled, winked at DeLorean and said, "Fifty Dollars! That's a lot of money, Katherine. What do you need twenty-five dollars for anyway?"

Katherine stared at Rex and, failing to comprehend the negotiation that had just taken place, she turned to her father and said, "Daddy, make him stop!"

DeLorean laughed, reached into his blue jeans, counted out fifty dollars and handed it to Katherine. She took the money, stuffed it in her jeans, and ran out of the room.

DeLorean laughed and said to Rex, "Where did you learn to negotiate like that?"

"When I was a small boy I spent some time in a Las Vegas with my grandfather and used to listen to him negotiate with hookers."

"You're joking."

"Fortunately."

"You're a sick man, Rex Roberts. I like you."

"How can you be so calm, John?"

"I've been living this way for years."

"I need an exclusive arrangement with you if you want me to be successful with this."

"If I give you that and you fail, I'm screwed."

"John, you have already shot yourself in the foot."

"How do you figure?"

"Think about it, John. Look at who you're talking to. I'm not the Bank of America or Goldman Sachs. I'm an independent rogue financier with a half-assed bag of tricks. I shouldn't even know about this deal much less be talking to you. When a deal like this gets to someone like me, you know what it means?"

"What?"

"It means you're in deep shit, John. I'm the last resort. I'm the guy people go to when all conventional sources have failed."

"So what do I do?"

"Trust me."

"Big words."

"John, I will get you the money. I can do this."

DeLorean sat back in his chair and studied Rex. The sounds of the grounds keepers mowing the vast lawns on the estate drifted through the open window. Rex knew the first one that talked would lose. He waited eons, all the while trying to maintain the look of someone who was incredibly confident, hoping that he was masking his desperation. He needed this deal as much as DeLorean, probably more. The fees on this would bail him out and DeLorean would be back in the saddle. He didn't have the heart to bring up the conversation that he just had with Derek. He didn't know if DeLorean would believe him anyway; 'By the way, John, word's out in the street that you are not to be helped in any way. I'm your only hope. Sorry'.

DeLorean turned to Rex, "There's something wrong with this picture."

"What makes you think so?" Rex replied

DeLorean leaned back in his chair and seemed to be examining his cowboy boots as he spoke. "If financing me is as long a shot as you say it is, why would you want to be involved? Either the deal is as not as tough as you say it is, or it is as tough as you say it is but you

got nothing else going for you. Now personally I think it's the second part. You've got nothing and if you have nothing else, why is that? Because you don't know what you are doing? I doubt that, or Derek Shinn wouldn't have recommended you. So what is it, Rex? Why are you here?"

Rex paused and listened to the own words running through his head. 'The truth shall set you free.'

"John, you are who you are: a very intelligent man."

"Well I can't be all that intelligent or I wouldn't be in the fix I'm in."

"John, my grandmother used to say that a man who is too afraid to live his life is also too afraid to die for anything. As a result his life will be of no consequence. You and I are the opposite of that. We have dreams and ambition. Life is never a merry-go-round for people like us. It's a rollercoaster and right now, today, this week, this month, this moment in time, I'm on the balls of my ass. But I believe in this deal and for some reason I believe in you. I'm asking you to believe in me, trust me. I can do this."

A good-sized belly laugh exploded from DeLorean. "Ha! Ain't we a pair?! Alright you have a month, exclusive," DeLorean said.

Rex shot back, "Four months is not enough time, John! But all right. I'll do it in two. I have two months exclusive with the deal, right?"

DeLorean laughed again. "Man that is good stuff ! Ok, deal! Two months!"

Their hands locked in a hard clasp handshake and DeLorean said, "I have a good feeling about you, Rex. Here, I have all the information that you'll need in this file."

He reached under his desk and pulled out bruised and battered leather briefcase.

"A list of my assets, liabilities, cash flow, projections and due diligence reports. I believe it is what you people call a package."

Rex took the briefcase. The handle was broken off and it weighed a good ten pounds. He tucked it under his arm like a quarterback running for the goal line.

DeLorean stood and said, "I'll walk you to the door."

The two men stood on the veranda looking over the perfectly manicured lawns that rolled down the hill and followed the winding driveway until they disappeared into the tree line. The sun was high in the sky, the air crisp and clean and two guys on the balls of their ass were taking it all in.

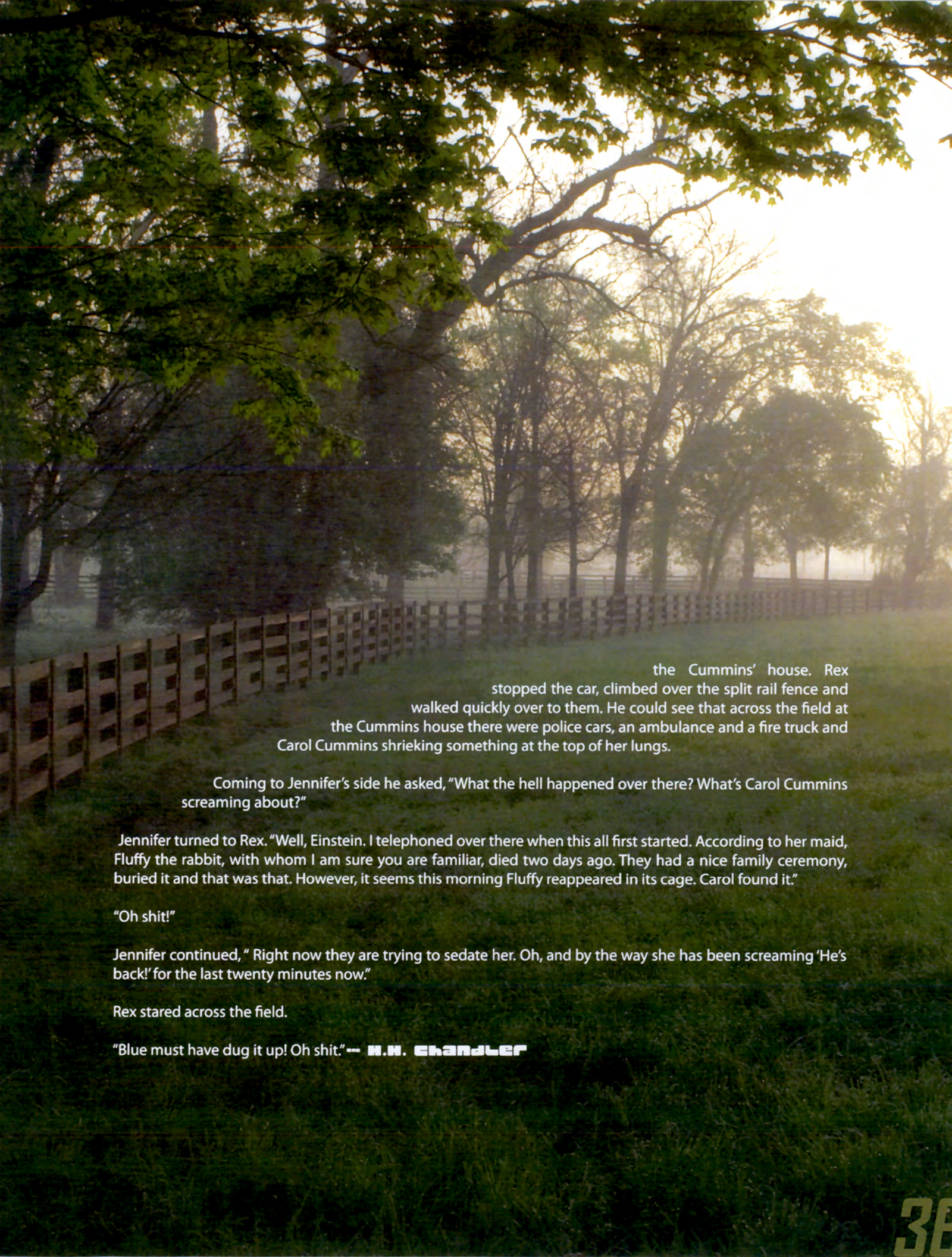
"It really is a magnificent view," Rex said.

"This time of year I can't imagine a prettier place on the planet and I've been to a lot of places," DeLorean said as he shook Rex's hand.

"You've got a deal. Don't let me down."

Rex returned the firm grip, "Not a chance."

Rex's Mercedes sped down River road. The hell with the dust and dirt. He wanted to get home as soon as possible and start working on the deal. He could feel it, that old magic that came with the magical thinking that got him to where he was today. Some how, some way this deal was going to work. Screw Derek Shinn and his evil henchmen. He would make it work and save his ass and DeLorean's, too. Rex turned into his drive way and accelerated towards the house. Something was radically wrong; Jennifer, Conchita and the children were standing out in the field looking at



the Cummins' house. Rex stopped the car, climbed over the split rail fence and walked quickly over to them. He could see that across the field at the Cummins house there were police cars, an ambulance and a fire truck and Carol Cummins shrieking something at the top of her lungs.

Coming to Jennifer's side he asked, "What the hell happened over there? What's Carol Cummins screaming about?"

Jennifer turned to Rex. "Well, Einstein. I telephoned over there when this all first started. According to her maid, Fluffy the rabbit, with whom I am sure you are familiar, died two days ago. They had a nice family ceremony, buried it and that was that. However, it seems this morning Fluffy reappeared in its cage. Carol found it."

"Oh shit!"

Jennifer continued, "Right now they are trying to sedate her. Oh, and by the way she has been screaming 'He's back!' for the last twenty minutes now."

Rex stared across the field.

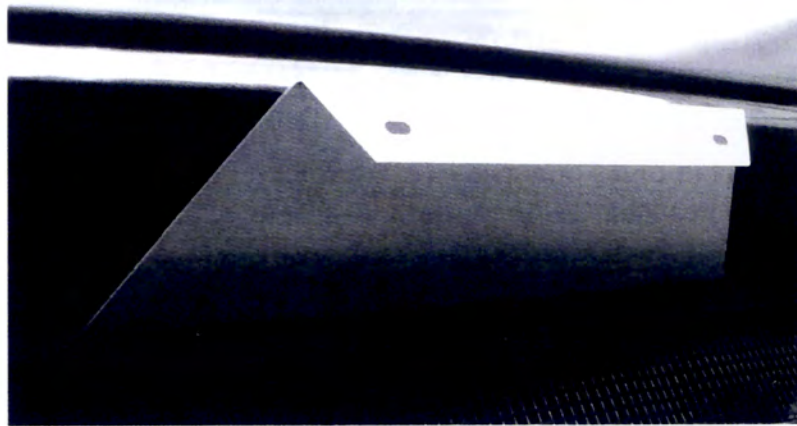
"Blue must have dug it up! Oh shit." — **H.H. Chandler**

Totally Stainless...

One of the greatest things about DeLoreans is their stainless steel body. The beautiful grain and luster in late afternoon sunlight is a sight to behold. Don't you ever wish the whole car were made of it? The products here will take you one step closer to stainless perfection. Many of our letter sets are made in both a standard gauge for permanent installation and a heavier gauge to resist damage if removal becomes necessary.



SSL5024



108025GS Stainless License bracket is grained to match DMC body. Black finish also available on request.



SSL4034 Some cars have unsightly (and unnecessary) screws securing the step plates in place. These holes may be covered with the full negative outline to hide this factory mistake while improving appearance.

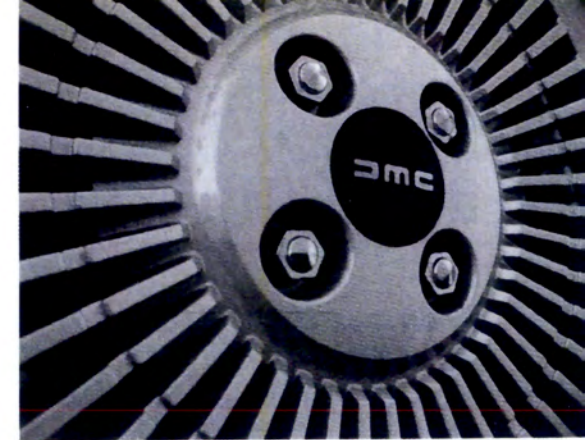


SSL3024 + SSL2024

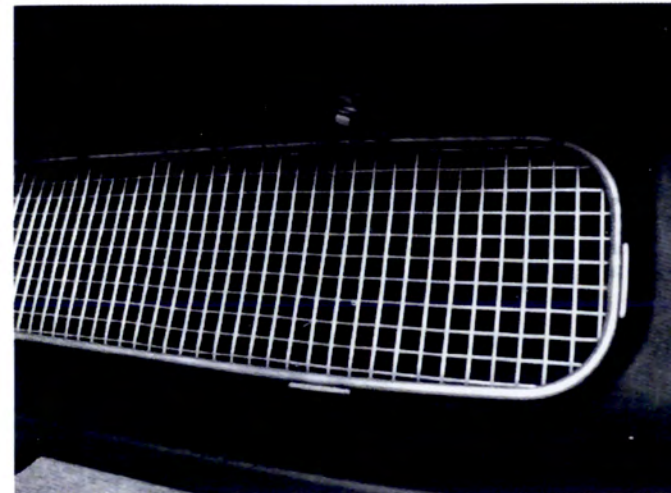


SSL100698

The complete doorsill with negative outline looks fantastic over a doorway or just about anywhere else. You don't have to own a DeLorean to appreciate its style. Makes a great gift for DeLorean lovers of all ages.



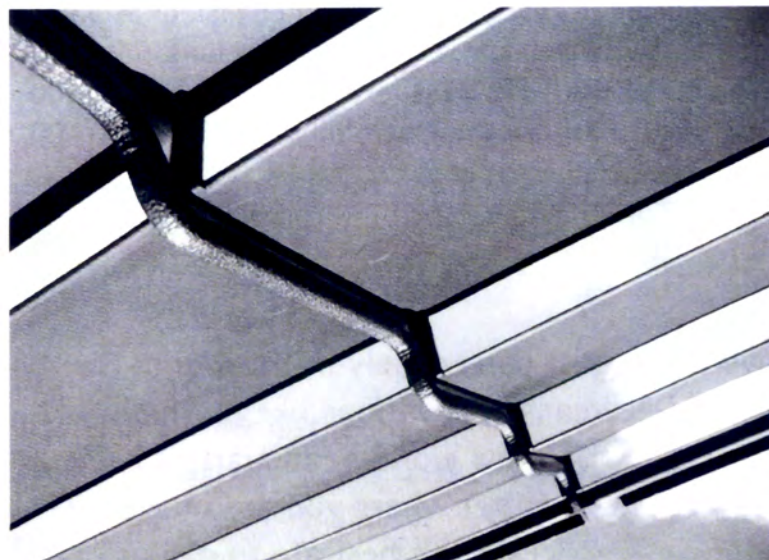
SSL1024 DMC Stainless Wheel Cap Logo Set The best twenty bucks you'll ever spend on your DeLorean. These letters jump out at you and make any DMC wheel look better. Also available as wheel cap sets with letters preinstalled.



101628GS Stainless Radiator Air Screen The workmanship on this screen is outstanding. In black finish it is almost identical in appearance to stock but will last a lifetime. A must for any car needing restoration work.

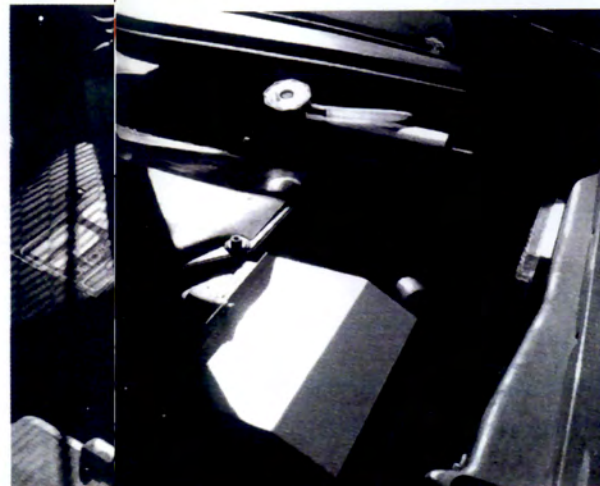


SSL4062



SSL6034 Sunshade Louvre Stainless Rib Bracket Kit This is the only sunshade support kit that installs without tools and actually improves appearance. It even repairs center ribs that are broken. Black finish also available on request.

111184GS & 101944GS
Stainless Grained Throttle Shield &
Coolant Bottle.



SSL1024	DMC Stainless Wheel Cap Logo Set .024 Gauge	\$19.50
SSL108504	DMC Stainless Logo Grey Wheel Cap Set	\$59.95
SSL108738	DMC Stainless Logo Black Wheel Cap Set	\$59.95
SSL2024	DMC Step Plate Positive Logo (Pair) .024 Gauge	\$34.95
SSL2034	DMC Step Plate Positive Logo (Pair) .034 Gauge	\$39.95
SSL3024	DMC Step Plate Negative Logo (Pair) .024 Gauge	\$34.95
SSL3034	DMC Step Plate Negative Logo (Pair) .034 Gauge	\$39.95
SSL4034	DMC Step Plate Negative Full Outline Logo (Pair) .034 Gauge	\$89.95
SSL4062	DMC Step Plate Negative Full Outline Logo (Pair) .062 Gauge	\$99.95
SSL5024	DeLorean Rear Facia Logo .024 Gauge	\$44.95
SSL5034	DeLorean Rear Facia Logo .034 Gauge	\$49.95
SSL6034	Sunshade Louvre Stainless Rib Bracket Kit	\$49.95
SSL100698	R/H Step Plate With Negative Outline	\$94.50
SSL100699	L/H Step Plate With Negative Outline	\$94.50
108025GS	Front License Bracket, Grained Stainless	\$34.50
111184GS	Throttle Shield, Grained Stainless	\$17.50
101944GS	Stainless Coolant Bottle	\$169.50
101628GS	Stainless Radiator Air Screen	\$169.50
101628GB	Stainless Black Radiator Air Screen	\$189.50

Item Below Not Shown

108466GS	Stainless Air Screen Upper Mounting Bracket	\$12.95 Ea.
118466GS	Stainless Air Screen Upper Mounting Bracket Set of five	\$49.50

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